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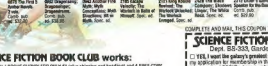
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EDITORIAL

Just the other day, I happened upon Forbidden Planet, a popular science-fiction/fantasy bookshop in the Big Apple, and decided to take a look at what's new and exciting in the world of illustrated books. Well, dear readers, there's not exactly a plethora out there, more like a handful, but what is for sale is kind of interesting.

What hit me first was the look of the books. There are very few "normal" size books anymore. They're either sandwich-size bookettes, or coffee-table monsters. Most of them are black and white; some have a few color plates thrown in so they can jack up the price.

I asked my salesman John, a most pleasant fellow, "Where the hell are the rest of the trade paperbacks?" He winced and said, "They're just not making as many as they used to, Ma'am." Well, the Ma'am softened the blow, but the news still hit hard. I bought a few books that looked pretty cool, bid a fond farewell to John, and retreated to my coffee table.

For whatever reason, the American publishing market is going down the tubes. Some claim TV, videos, cable and movies have sucked up so much of the public's time, there aren't enough hours left in the day to actually read. This is even more pathetic when you hear that approximately 35% of high school grads don't even know how to read. And I'm not talking about books that tend to bore either.

But there's some solace to be had, because there are some terrific books on

the market. Jim Burns's *Lightship* (Paper Tiger), is a magnificent anthology of the artist's work. There's a preface by Robert Silverberg and an interview with Burns, but most of the book is made up of striking color paintings that are incredibly seductive. It's definitely the hottest genre book of the year!

Magnetic Storm (Harmony Books), the sequel to Roger and Martyn Dean's *Views*, is another mind-boggling anthology. These are both oversized, fairly expensive books, but the quality is unsurpassable. They were originally published in the U.K.—how come the English can print these fabulous, colorful trades, and for the most part Americans go for those bookettes I was talking about?

There are some smaller publishing houses in the States that are taking risks, but unfortunately they are few and far between. Raw, Kitchen Sink Press, Catalan Books, Fantagraphics Books, and Real Comet Press (and I'm sure there are a couple of others I'm unaware of) should be applauded for keeping this forum open for artists and writers, and for making our lives a little more exciting.—Ed. Check out: *Big Baby*, by Charles Burns and X, by Sue Coe (Raw One-Shots); *Girls and Boys*, by Linda Barry (Real Comet Press); *Will Eisner's New York* (Kitchen Sink Press); *Drew and Josh Alan Friedman's Any Similarity to Persons Living or Dead is Purely Coincidental* (Fantagraphics Books)—my personal fave, and *The Paper Man and Click*, by Milo Manara (Catalan Books).



Big Baby, by Charles Burns

Girls and Boys, by Linda Barry



...Persons Living or Dead, by Drew and Josh Alan Friedman

THE BEST

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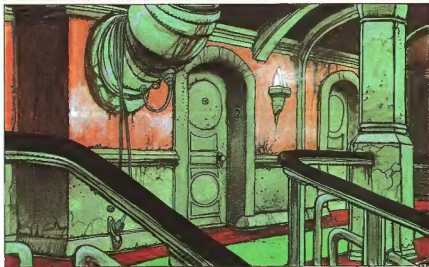
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THE TRAPPED WOMAN

by **BILAL**

THE STORY THAT FOLLOWS IS THE CONTINUATION OF "THE IMMORTALS' PETE," PUBLISHED IN 1180, AND IN IT ARE SOME OF THE CHARACTERS FROM THE PRECEDING BOOK... WE FIND ALCIDE NIKOPOL, STILL LIVING IN PARIS, AFTER SPENDING TWO YEARS IN THE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL OF SAINT SALVEUR. THE CITY IS ALWAYS THE SAME, NOTHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE SEEMS TO HAVE HAPPENED SINCE WE LAST MET, AND THE DATE IS FEBRUARY 22, 2029....







LONDON,
FEBRUARY 22ND,
2025. SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENT
JILL BIOSKOP
TRANSMITTING
VIA SCRIPT-
WALKER...



...THE FOLLOWING REPORT:
CONFLICTS BETWEEN THE
AFRO-PAKISTANIAN AND
ZUBENUBIAN MINORITIES IN
THE SECTION CALLED
CHELSEA...



...LED..
CHEL..
SEA...



CHAPTER 5

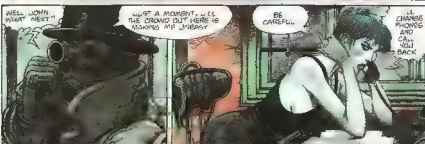


THE BENIN-
TOSA-SHANIAN
COALITION'S
REVENGE... KING'S
ROAD, CENTER
OF THE
ZUBENUBIAN
MI-

...NORTIES...

DRIIINN!





...HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CHANGE MOONIE... HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO HANG UP... 'CAUSE I HEARD THE
EXPLOSION... AND HIS GUY... THE GUY OF AN AFTERMATH... I'D HEARD OF BEFORE... WHEN HE WAS HURT VERY
BADLY, AND THE FIRST TIME WE MADE LOVE...





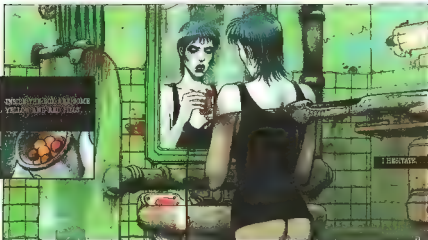
... IN A ZURENUSIAN ATTACK, ALONG WITH FOUR AFRO-PAKISTANIS, ONE OF WHICH WAS A LEADER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN THIS PARTICULAR CONFLICT. I WILL NOT WRITE ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THIS USELESS COLLAGE. I MUST GO. I MUST GO. I MUST GO. ABOUT JOHN ... AND I WILL ... THE SCRIPT WALKER IS STILL WORKING, AND JOHN HAS THE PROOF HE WAS TALKING ABOUT IN HIS HAND. ...





IN MY ROOM, I AM OVERWHELMED WITH GRIEF. HOW CAN I POSSIBLY... JOHN MEANT TO ME? PARADOXICALLY, I FEEL A STRONG NEED TO WRITE... IMMEDIATELY... TO TELL PEOPLE IN THE PAST, THROUGH MY SCRIPTWALKER—OUR DISCONCERTING STORY... LET EVERYTHING OUT... FROM THE BRAIN AND THE HEART... AND FALL ASLEEP WITH SOME M.L.V. JOHN'S DRUG, WHICH WILL HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING... MAINLY THIS GHASTLY DAY...

I FIND THE LITTLE BOX IN THE BATHROOM... M.L.V. ... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE LETTERS STAND FOR. I WILL NEVER KNOW, AND I REALLY DON'T GIVE A SHIT...



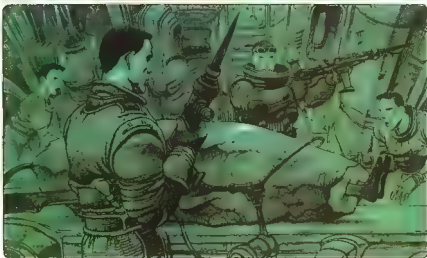
INSERT THE BOX AND SOME YELLOW AND RED FRUIT...

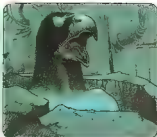
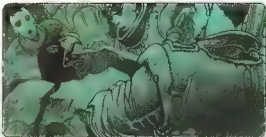
I HESITATE...



... FINALLY, I DECIDE TO SWALLOW ONE. THEN ANOTHER. ... THEY'RE BOTH RED ... THEN I WASH MY FACE, TO CANCEL THE TRACE OF MY BLUE TEARS ...







LONDON, CAMDEN
TOWN,
FEBRUARY 28TH

IS
SOMETHING
WRONG,
JEFF?

MAY
BE
THERE
IS

A STRANGE EVENT TOOK PLACE
JUST AS PROFESSOR WHITELAW
WAS ABOUT TO START PERFORMING
AN AUTOPSY ON THE BODY OF THE
ALPHATRIZIEN, WHO HAD BEEN
DECLARED CLINICALLY DEAD

THE EXTRATERRESTRIAN MANAGED TO
ESCAPE LEAVING A BLOODY TRAIL
BEHIND HIM. KILLING DR WHITELAW
AND WOUNDING TWO OF THE GUARDS
AT THE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

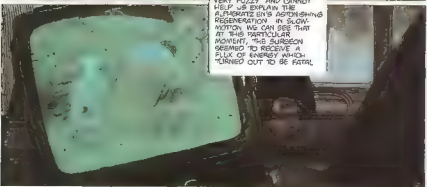
SCOTLAND YARDS ARMED POLICE ARE
ACTIVELY SEEKING THE FUGITIVE. THE
SECTIONS OF CAMBERWELL AND
W14, NORTH ARE CORDONED OFF AND
A DESCRIPTION OF THE MURDERER
IS IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE. WHERE
IT IS AGAIN HEIGHT ABOUT 6'2", WEARS
A STRANGE BLACK MASK ON HIS
FACE

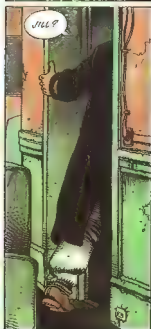
WE'VE NO
DOUBT THAT'S
HIM

WHO'S THE
ALPHATRIZIEN?
DO YOU KNOW
HIM?

LISTEN, I'M SORRY,
BUT TONIGHT JUST
SNT WORKING OUT
HAVE TO GO IT'S
IMPORTANT

ALL
WELL
TOMOR
ROW

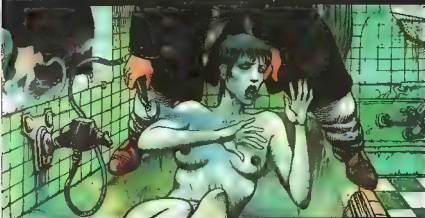




IT WAS THERE JEFF WENT TO, WHO WOKED ME FROM A THREE YEAR
45 HOURS LATER. JEFF IS A TALENTED & JOURNALIST, BECAUSE A
MELANCHOLY AND SOLITARY MAN WITH WHOM I HAD A SHORT
AFFAIR THREE YEARS AGO ... JUST BEFORE I MET JOHN



IN ORDER TO WAKE ME UP, JEFF PUTS ME UNDER A FRIGGING COLD SHOWER.

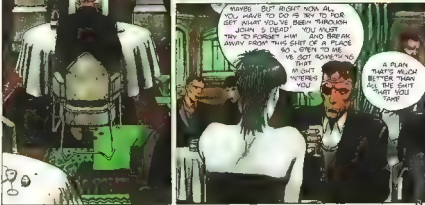


THEN HE DRAGS ME, STILL HALF ASLEEP, TO THE HOTEL RESTAURANT, AN INCREDIBLY EXPENSIVE PLACE WITH MEDIOCRE FOOD, WHERE, NONETHELESS, I STUFF MY FACE . . .



WHEN WE GET TO DRINKING, I ASK HIM:

JEFF, ARE YOU DOING ALL THIS IN HOPE OF HAVING SEX WITH ME AGAIN IN THE NEAR FUTURE?



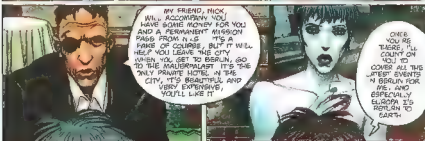
MAYBE. BUT RIGHT NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TRY TO FORGET WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH. JOHN IS DEAD. YOU MUST TRY TO FORGET HIM AND BREAK AWAY FROM THIS SHIT OF A PLACE SO, THEN TO ME WE GOT SOMETHING THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU.

A PLAN THAT'S MUCH BETTER THAN ALL THE SHIT THAT YOU TALK?

WHAT JEFF SUGGESTS IS THAT I LEAVE LONDON... WHICH IS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT TO DO IN THESE TIMES, AND POSSIBLE ONLY FOR THE EXTREMELY PRIVILEGED, WHICH NEITHER I NOR JEFF AM...



"TOMORROW MORNING, IN AN AERO-TAXI, YOU'LL GO TO BERLIN," HE ANSWERS...



... "EUROPA IS THE FIRST EUROPEAN INTERPLANETARY MISSION, LAUNCHED IN 1999, THE YEAR I WAS BORN. THE RETURN OF THIS SPACESHIP IS DUE ANYTIME SOON AT THE BERLIN-TEGEL/REPTON ASTROPORT..."

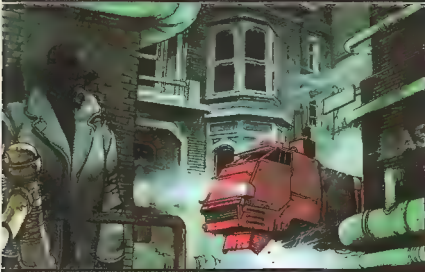


JEFF SHOULD NEVER HAVE SAID THOSE LAST WORDS

AND HE SHOULDN'T HAVE, THAT VERY SAME NIGHT, COME INTO MY BEDROOM, UNINVITED



... IT'S AMAZING HOW MUCH BLOOD HE LOST ONCE I PERCHED MY BODY ON ANKLE OF MY SCRIPTWALKER. STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT TOOK LONGER TO CLEAN THE BLOOD OFF OF MY BODY AND HAIR THAN TO GET RID OF THE ROCK ...



... I DECIDE THAT THE BEST THING IS TO TRY TO SLEEP AND FORGET ALL ABOUT IT. BUT THEN I REMEMBER I STILL



THAT BANE
NIGHT IN
FAR 5

THAT
MISERABLE
FEATHERED
CREATURE



THESE NIGHT-
MARES ARE REAL,
COMRADE NIMROD, BUT
ALL THE OTHER
SYMPTOMS APPEAR TO
BE FAKE, AT LEAST AT
THIS MOMENT. IN
OTHER WORDS,
YOUR FATHER
REFUSES TO ADMIT
THAT HE HAS
RECOVERED



HIS
GETTING
CLOSER, I
CAN FEEL
IT



THAT'S
ABSURD!



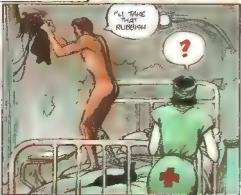
NOT REALLY. HE'S BEEN THROUGH A GREAT TRAUMA THIRTY YEARS IN A BERNATION, PLUS ALL THOSE STORIES ABOUT AN EGYPTIAN GOD, THAT MUST LEAVE SOME TRACE. HE MUST BE FEELING SOMEWHAT ALIENATED FROM A SOCIETY HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE, AND ALSO FROM YOU, HIS SON.



HELLO, MISTER NIKOPOL



YOU MUSTN'T FORGET COMRADE NIKOPOL, THAT APART FROM HAVING THE SAME NAME AND LOOKING VERY MUCH ALIKE YOU ARE ALSO PRACTICALLY THE SAME AGE.



I'VE TAKEN THAT RUBBISH

?



DID YOU HAVE ONE OF YOUR NIGHTMARES AGAIN?

LOLA, IT'S MAKE A DEAL



AND YOU'LL BE NICE TO ME

MISTER NIKOPOL



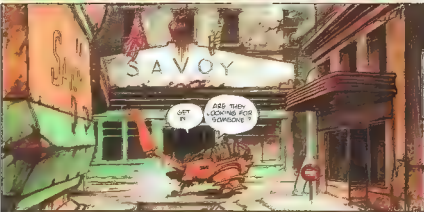
THE NEXT DAY, I MEET NICK, JEFF'S FRIEND, IN THE LOBBY.



HE'S VERY NERVOUS BECAUSE OF ALL THE POLICE AROUND THE PLACE.

THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE
AND VOL IS
LATE

IM
SORRY



GET
IT

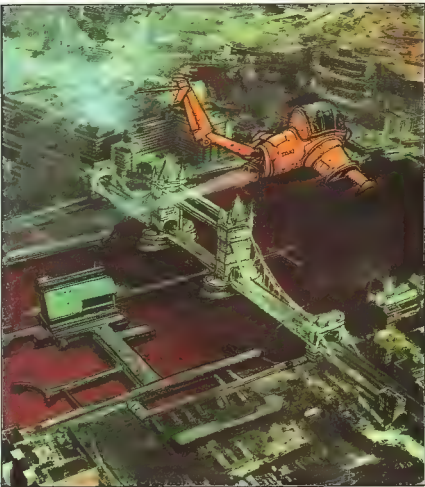
ARE THEY
LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE?



A MAN OF FEW WORDS . . . THAT'S FINE WITH ME, 'CAUSE THE HUY PILLS MAKE ME FEEL VERY WEIRD . . . MY BODY FEELS
ESPECIALLY ROTTEN . . . I HOPE I WON'T GET SICK DURING THE FLIGHT . . .



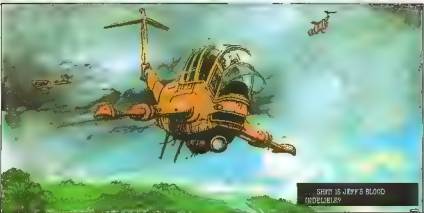
... AS FAR AS MY MEMORY IS CONCERNED, HOWEVER, THESE FILLS ARE THE BEST ... THE MURDER I COMMITTED LAST NIGHT IS ETCHED IN MY MEMORY DOWN TO THE FINEST DETAIL ... JEFF HAS DISAPPEARED ... JUST LIKE JOHN ...



... I'M AMAZED THAT I FEEL SO INDIFFERENT AFTER LOSING JOHN, SUCH AN INTEGRAL PART OF MY LIFE ... MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE THIS FEELING OF GOING FULL-STREAM AHEAD ... INTO THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE ... MY FUTURE AND BERLIN ...



I ANSWERED WITH MONOSYLLABLES... I HAVE NO PROBLEMS ABOUT LEAVING LONDON, EVEN THOUGH I FEEL IT MIGHT BE FOREVER... THE CITY DISAPPEARS BEHIND US... I LOOK DOWN ON THE THAMES AND AM SURPRISED AT ITS COLOR...



... I PUT ON MY GLOVE AND TRY TO FORGET ABOUT THE SPOT ... I FIND THE CLIPPING THAT JOHN HAD TRIED TO READ TO ME JUST BEFORE HE DIED.

NOAX OR SCIENCE FICTION?

The French daily, liberation as-
sources that it will be publishing a
series of articles which will be a
series coming from the state (from
the year 2021). One of these will be
on the situation in London. The same
day, I go to be found at the
end of each article. Those or not. Don
be so stingy after, here is the

I CLOSE MY EYES AND TRY TO
SLEEP...

THE AIRPLANE IS ALREADY OVER THE BRITISH CHANNEL, ABOUT TO ENTER A VAST MASS OF RED CLOUDS. I THINK ABOUT MY
REASONS IN 1989 ... BUT WHY 1989? ... AND WHY IN A FRENCH NEWSPAPER? ... THE PROGRAMME ... IT'S A
CRAZY, BUT THE DATE ISN'T IMPORTANT ANYWAY ... THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT IT MUST WORK.

BEFORE TAKING ASSEMBLY I REALIZE THAT
THANKS TO THE SCRIPT WRITERS I FACILITATE
THE MOST EXCITING SCENARIOS IN THE WORLD.

AT THAT VERY
MOMENT VERY FAR
AWAY NEAR THE
PLANET MARS

ARE
YOU SURE
HE WAS
THERE?

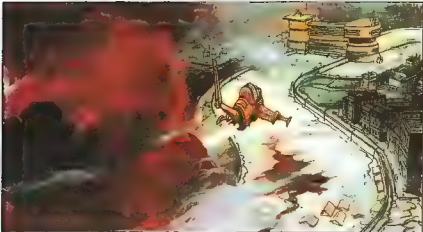
ABSOLUTELY

BAD NEWS, WORUS HAS DISAPPEARED IT WAS AT
LEAST A FRACTION OF AN ETERNITY AGO - PROBABLY
WHEN WE HIT THOSE
METEORITES

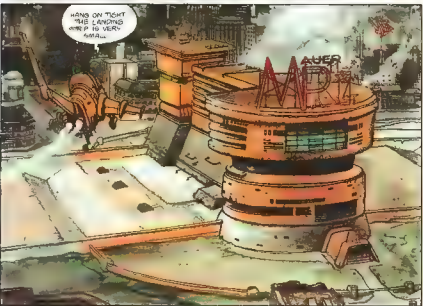
ARE WE
GOING
BACK?

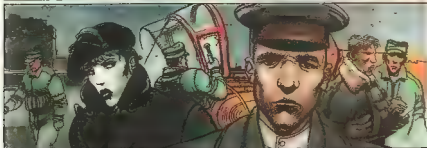
YES,
ANUBAST
WE'RE
GOING
BACK TO
EARTH!

GREAT



AT THE END OF A LONG TUNNEL MADE OF RED CLOUDS AND AFTER A SEVEN HOUR FLIGHT WE FINALLY GET TO BERLIN.
THE ONLY AUTONOMOUS CITY IN THE HEART OF THE TOCHICKOSOVET EMPIRE ...



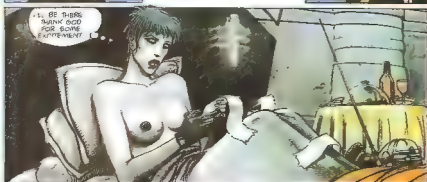


IT FEELS COLD TO SAY SOMETHING TO WORK ... HE HOLDS MY HAND FOR A LONG TIME ... AND FOLLOWS ME WITH HIS EYES AS I LEAVE ... HIS GLANCE IS FIERCE, DISTURBING ... I FEEL IT IN THE SMALL OF MY BACK ...

I LOCK MYSELF IN MY ROOM, TAKE A SHOWER AND ORDER LUNCH.



IT SEEMS THAT UNFORSEEN AND TRAGIC EVENTS ARE GOING TO CLOUD THE RETURN OF EUROPA. THE AIRPORT STAFF REFUSES TO MAKE ANY COMMENT BUT SECURITY HAS ALREADY BEEN TIGHTENED THROUGHOUT THE PREMISES. THE LANDINGS SHOULD TAKE PLACE IN LESS THAN 48 HOURS.



THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST, WHEN I READ ALL THE STORIES I'VE MADE ON MY SOLE WALKER... CONDUCTS IN LONDON AMONG LOCAL MINORITIES." IS THE FIRST, THEN JOHN'S STORY, A STRANGE ONE TO BE SURE, ESPECIALLY WITH ITS OLD ANDONG. I LIKE THE PART WHERE WE MAKE LOVE, AS FAR AS THE MOST IS CONCERNED, I THINK NOTHING ABOUT IT. MY CRIMES IS A THING OF THE PAST, AND TOMORROW I'LL START APPROPRIATING THE MAUERFLAUST AND ITS ATMOSPHERE.



A HYPHANT GETS HOTTER... BECAUSE NICK, THAT PIG, LIKE THE SLIMY REPTILE HE IS, TRIES TO GET INTO MY BED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

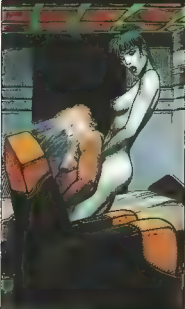


I FEEL HIM AGAINST MY SKIN...



THAT'S HIM!

I CLEAN UP ALL TRACES OF HIS BLOOD... THE COLOR OF THE THAMES... AND DRAG HIS BODY TO THE WINDOW...



LIST HIM GO...



I CAN'T HAVE HIM ANYMORE...

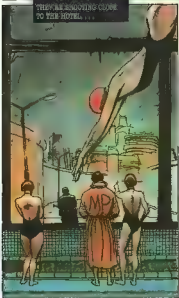


FASTLY SOON, I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER HIS FACE...



THE NEXT MORNING I WAKE UP TO
THE SOUND OF BANGING GUNS...

THEY'RE SHOOTING CLOSE
TO THE HOTEL...



AM I GOING TO THE CAFE?

HIS NAME IS IRAN VABEK, A JOURNALIST FROM YUGOSLAVIA...



WILL BIOSKOP?
BIOSKOP MEANS
MOVIE IN MY
LANGUAGE. I
DON'T KNOW WHY
BUT THE NAME
REALLY SLIPS
YOL

I HAD TO CHANGE MY GLOVE, TO A
RED ONE ... THIS BLOOD WON'T
SHOW...

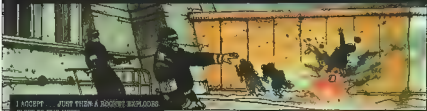


WHILE I SIP HOT COFFEE, I WONDER WHETHER I'LL HAVE THE GUTS TO KILL IVAN ALSO
... JUST LIKE THE OTHERS ...

THE THOUGHT MOVES ME, ESPECIALLY SINCE I
FEEL QUITE ATTRACTED TO HIM ...



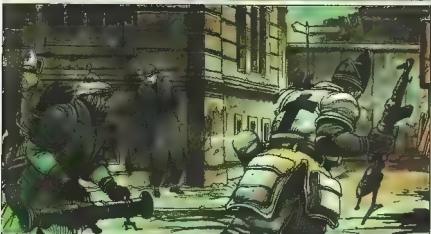
HE TELLS ME A LONG STORY ABOUT THE EUROPA 1, OF WHICH I SEEM TO REMEMBER ONLY THE HIGHLIGHTS: HE KILLED TWO
THE AIRPORT, AND WOULD LIKE TO TAKE ME OUT TO DINNER TOMORROW NIGHT.



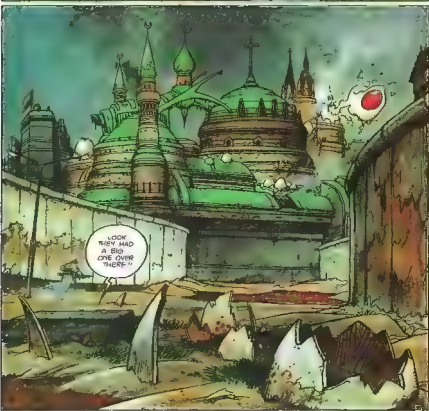
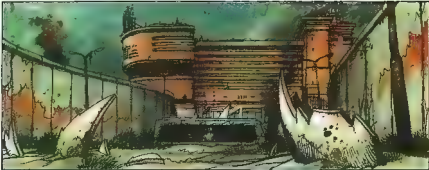
I ACCEPT ... JUST THEN A BOMB EXPLODES
CLOSE TO THE HOTEL ...

WHY ALL
THIS
FIGHTING
OUTSIDE?

IT'S FOR THE
STUPIDEST REASON EVERY
JOURNALIST ENDS UP BY
WRITING ABOUT IT AT LEAST
ONCE IN HIS LIFE. THE PEOP
LE IN BERLIN CALL IT THE
"B ERKRIEG" - EGG WAR. I
CAN GIVE YOU MY PASS AND
YOU CAN GO FIND OUT FOR
YOURSELF.







THAT NIGHT, I STAMP MY FIRST ARTICLE ON THE BURNING...



MY HAND IS NOW COVERED WITH NICK'S BLOOD, OR MAYBE IT'S JEFF'S? I
HAVE TO FIND LONGER, BIGGER... (MURDER) THAT THE ASTROLOGUE IS
CLOSED TO THE PAGES, A "COMMUNITY MEASURE"... (MURDER) COLLABORATES ARE



I FEEL LIKE GOING FOR A WALK...

I'VE ALWAYS HATED ROCKETS AND ALL THAT MUMBO-JUMBO, AND I REALLY DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT EUROPA I...

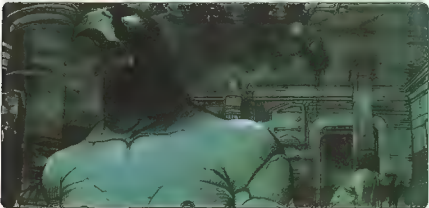
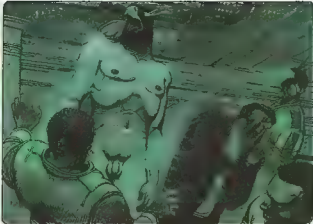


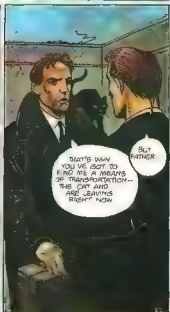
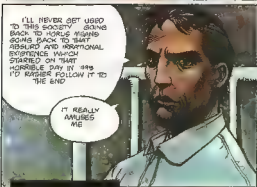
ALL OF A SUDDEN A DRIVEN W/ SOUND EFFECTS... ALL OF A SUDDEN A DRIVEN W/ SOUND EFFECTS... ALL OF A SUDDEN A DRIVEN W/ SOUND EFFECTS...



THE SOUND STOPS. SILENCE. SUBORD I HAS LANDED ... I THINK ABOUT NAM, WHO MUST BE THERE NOW ... I KNOW HOW TO
MAKE HIM TELL ME ALL HE KNOWS WHEN HE COMES BACK. ...







I START DRESSING AND DECIDE TO PUT ON SOME LIPSTICK
VERY HUNGRY ...

I NEVER DO ...

BUT TONIGHT I FEEL LIKE IT AND I'M ALSO



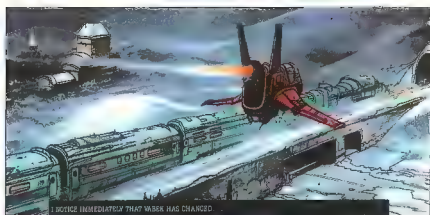
IVAN IS ON TIME ...

I'LL
SEE YOU
IN A FEW
MOMENTS
JAN

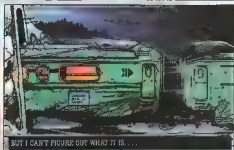


DONE

THE TIME HAS COME TO PUT YOU TO
THE TEST, VARGH, EVEN THOUGH
YOU SEEM VERY UPSET. HOPE YOU
WILL TOLERATE MY PRESENCE IN
YOUR BODY, AND THE ABOVE
CEREBRAL
PRESSURE



I NOTICE IMMEDIATELY THAT WATER HAS CHANGED.



BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS...



WOULD YOU LIKE TO
TASTE THIS OR?

MAYBE HIS EXPRESSION...



HE LOOKS ASBENT
AND SO TOUGH...



FASTER



FASTER



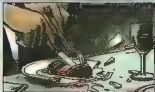
THIS WINE
TASTES LIKE
CORK

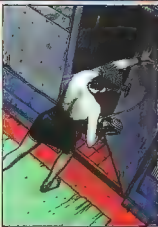
HIS VOICE IS...



DIFFERENT

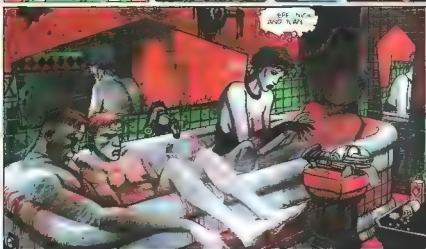
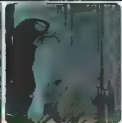
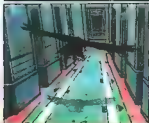
WE EAT VERY BADLY THAT EVENING, AND WE TALK VERY LITTLE . HE SAYS NOTHING ABOUT KUNOPA I COMPLETE SILENCE
... A TREMOR SEIZES HIM AFTER THE APPETIZER ... HE LEAVES THE TABLE THREE TIMES, OVERTURNING HIS GLASS TWICE
AND BREAKS HIS PLATE TRYING TO CUT HIS MEAT ...





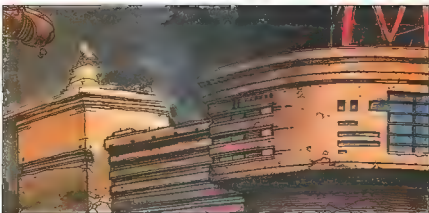
WHAT HAPPENS LATER IS REALLY INCREDIBLE . . . I DECIDE TO WRITE IT ALL DOWN FOR MY READERS IN 1923 . . . I RUN TO THE BATHROOM AND LOCK MYSELF IN. FAR AWAY FROM THE THAMES-COLORED STUFF THAT'S ALL OVER MY BED, THE TITLE OF MY PIECE IS: "TRAGEDY AT THE MAUPERPALAST."

THE THREE MEN I'VE BEEN WITH ARE JEFF, NICK AND IVAN. ALL THREE...



THESE THREE MEN ARE JEFF, NICK AND IVAN... THEIR NAMES ARE JEFF, NICK AND IVAN... THE FIRST IS JEFF... THE SECOND IS NICK... AND THE LAST IS IVAN... THEY ARE JEFF, NICK AND IVAN... JECK, NIPP AND IVAN... JEN, NIVE AND IVAN... JIVE, NICK AND IVAN... JEFF, NICK...







YOU KNOW, HORUS.
I'VE THOUGHT
ABOUT OUR
RELATIONSHIP
SHIP AND
THIS
STRANGE
SITUATION

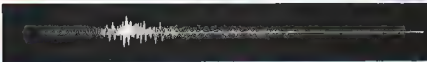
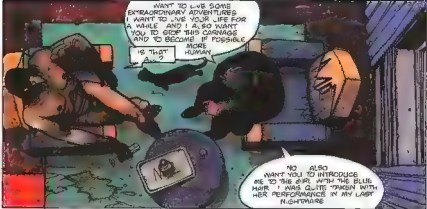
I'M ALL
BARS

IT'S VERY SIMPLE, WE'RE
BOTH ON OUR WAY TO BE-
COMING PROPHETS - EACH IN
HIS OWN WORLD. YOU, IN A
WORLD OF GODS, WHICH I
DON'T UNDERSTAND AND YOU
HATE, AND I, ON MY PART, IN
THIS HUMAN SOCIETY WHICH
YOU DESPISE
AND FEEL
ALIENATED
FROM



SO WHAT I WANT TO DO IS FORM
A PARTNERSHIP WITH DEFINITE RULES
-- A KIND OF MORAL CONTRACT
WE'LL BOTH DO BETTER
IF WE COMPLEMENT
EACH OTHER.
I'M READY TO
RECEIVE YOU
IN MY BODY,
AND YOU KNOW
MY BODY
WON'T
REJECT YOU
AS ALL
THE OTHERS
HAVE

AND WHAT
DO YOU
WANT FOR
THAT
SERVICE ?





YOU WERE RUBBING YOUR BODY WITH GREAT VIGOR AND YOUR TYPEWRITER WAS SMOKING. A GIRE
 I FELT IN LOVE WITH YOU AT THAT VERY MOMENT HORUS WAS PERPLEXED AND EIGHT EMBARRASSED



AT THAT MOMENT, THIS GUY
 CAME IN OR APPEARED, I REALLY
 DON'T KNOW WHICH HIS FACE
 WAS COVERED IN BLACK GAUZE,
 AND HE GAVE OFF AN AURA OF
 STRENGTH AND SERENITY
 NOBODY SAID A WORD, NOT
 EVEN HORUS

HE WENT FOR YOUR PILLS AND COUNTED THEM NINE YELLOW ONES AND TWO RED ONES. HE CHOSE FOUR, TWO YELLOW AND TWO RED AND MURMURED IN A STRANGE HO LOW VOICE



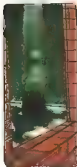
"YOU TOOK THE WRONG DOSE YOU BILLY ONE"



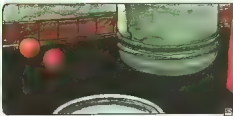
THEN HE TOOK YOU OUT OF THE SHOWER AND MADE YOU SWALLOW THE SEVEN YELLOW PILLS THAT WERE LEFT

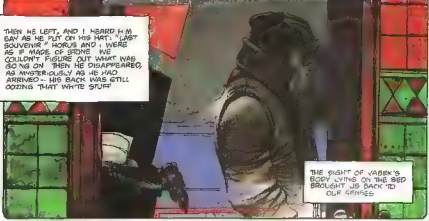


AND LAID YOU DOWN IN THE BATHTUB AS HE TURNED AROUND I NOTICED THE BULLET HOLES IN HIS BACK AND THIS STRANGE WHITE SUBSTANCE THAT WAS OZZING OUT OF THEM



HE KISSED YOU ONCE, THEN SWALLOWED TWO PILLS (YELLOW AND RED) AND SAID, "THE TWO THAT ARE LEFT ARE FOR HER, SHE MIGHT NEED THEM ONE DAY, FOR ANOTHER ADVENTURE"





THEN HE LEFT, AND I HEARD HIM SAY AS HE PUT ON HIS HAT: "LAST SOUVENIR." HORUS AND I WERE AS IF MADE OF STONE. WE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON. THEN HE DISAPPEARED, AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE HAD ARRIVED -- HIS BACK WAS STILL OZZING THAT WHITE STUFF.

THE SIGHT OF JABEN'S BODY LYING ON THE BED BROUGHT JS BACK TO OUR SENSES.

THEN THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN VERY FAST. WE LEFT IN A HURRY, BECAUSE A STRANGE PYRAMID HAD APPEARED IN THE SKY ABOVE BERLIN. WE TOOK YOU, STILL FAST ASLEEP, IN A TAXI. A PLANE WE HAD MANAGED TO STEAL, AND WE HEADED SOUTH. HORUS, WHO WAS VERY SURPRISED TO FIND OUT THAT HIS FAMILY WAS LOOKING FOR HIM, PILOTED THE TAXI -- LIKE A GOD! GOSOL, WHO'S COLOR HAD RETURNED TO NORMAL, WAS DELIGHTED TO LEAVE EUROPE, WHERE HE WAS WANTED FOR TERRORISM. AND, ALICE N' KOPOL THE ELDER, WAS SIMPLY WAITING FOR YOU TO WAKE UP!



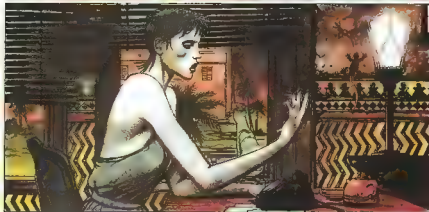
YOU WANTED SOMETHING TO HAPPEN N' KOPOL, WELL, HERE GOSOL!

DID
SLEEP
FOR
VERY
LONG?

WELL
BETWEEN
THE
TIME
YOU
SWALLOWED
THE
PILLS
AND
THE
TIME
WE
GOT
HERE
MORE
THAN
100
HOURS
WENT
BY

HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

DON'T
REALLY
KNOW.
STRANGE



The day after I woke up, March 6, 2006.
Casey is I'm stealing a journal, because
I feel the need to write down more than
before

I kept me - was one swinging by
the empty pool and its very hot
I just reveal the things I wrote
on the script pages and I feel very
detached from all that

I fear dead, I lost the color of
the Thames I was I out of
my mind? No trace of food remains
on my body

I pick up the telephone



HELLO? JEFF
ANSWERS
PLEASE

ANSWERS
WHO IS THIS?
HELLO?

That same day, the 6th of March, 2025, I burn the testimony of that sad and brutal nightmare, which lasted 12 days. Except for Urban, whom Horus killed in order to save my life (as he says), the other two, Jeff and Nick, were dead only in my mind. The only mystery is John, and I'll still shakeen by that. As I burn the story of our love, I feel a chill through my body, and a sense of emptiness all around me. My memory, impaired by the HIV, cannot remember all the pain. I hope he will live happily without me, as I am trying to do without him.

March 13, 2026. I burn the feeling my life is
going to start all over again.
I but still no water in the pool.

WHERE'S
HORUS?

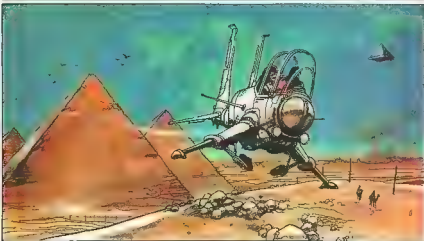
HE WENT TO VISIT
THE PYRAMIDS.

I AM GOING
TO SIT IN THE
SHADE MY
METAL LEG
IS STARTING
TO HEAT UP

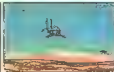
WILL
COME
WITH YOU



We have to leave in a hurry. The pyramid has appeared over Cairo. It feels okay. We are playing some sort of game, and it is fun. I stopped wondering about how my relationship with the strange House / Nubian duo is going to develop.



I still feel scared at the thought of having an affair... but the presence of those two tiny pills in my pocket makes me feel safer. I'm nearly happy now, and it's midday, and we are flying south, into the sun, and the sand. Away from the northern cities, full of wounds and strange blue tears. ..



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OHMY PRIMABELL "OH GOTT" AND
THE REVOLUTION WAS IN HIS FACE YOU
MUST GO DAD SEE RUPUS GET
DRESSED AND HURRY UP

I LOVE YOU, YOU YOU ARE
A MOST WONDERFUL INVENT
TION YOU ARE
THE BEST

LOVE
YOU, RUPUS



BEFORE THEY ARE? THATS ALL? AND NO?

IT'S NOT THAT MISERY, IT'S JUST
THAT SHE WAS THE PROSTITUTE
FOR THE FIRST BROTH DOLLS
CENTER LINE SHE IS, IN SOME
WAY, A CRIMINAL TO
YOU IS.



THERE MY LOVE ON THE NEWS THE
OTHER DAY, I SAW RUPUS COMING
OUT OF PRISON, AND HE SAID THAT
HE HATED PRIMABELL AND
THAT YOU WERE TO BE BLAMED
FOR HIS

ENOUGH IDEE TALK? YOU
SAID SO NOW, PRIM-
BELL FIND RUPUS AND
GIVE HIM MY BEST
WISHES

PROSTITUTE

ATON: MY EX-FARTHER SAYS
HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RE-
DIST FRANKENSTEIN

OH, WELL, LET'S FORGET
ABOUT THAT. LET'S TRY OUT
MY NEW "SCOUT" THE
"NEEDS STAY" ALL RIGHT?

YAY

YAY



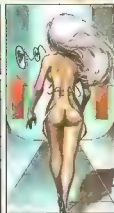
IT'S ALL ABOUT ME
AND MY NEW "SCOUT" THE
"NEEDS STAY" ALL RIGHT?

IT'S GOING TO BE ALL ABOUT
ME AND MY NEW "SCOUT" THE
"NEEDS STAY" ALL RIGHT?



YAY

YAY





WE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE

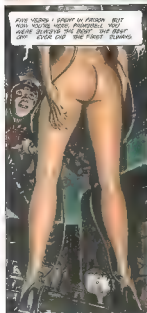


PAINFULLY MY DARLING NOW
IS MY END? HOW DID YOU
FIND ME?

HERE'S A MESSAGE
FOR YOU, RUFUS



FROM TITUS? HE HAS NO RIGHT
SON OF A BITCH CAN'T SEND
MESSAGE ANYMORE COME
WITH ME LET'S GO



FIVE YEARS I SPENT IN PRISON BUT
NOW YOU'RE HERE, PAINFULLY YOU
WERE ALWAYS THE BEST THE BEST
ONE EVER DID THE FIRST ALWAYS



NO MORE SLAVES DO
ANYMORE

NO
MORE

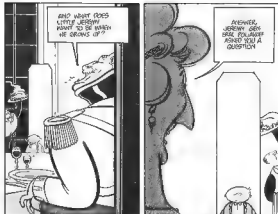


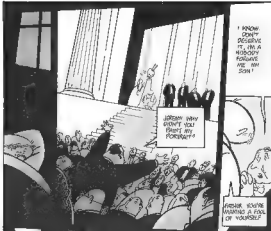
THE END

LE PETIT PEINTRE

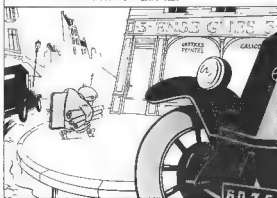
by Berberian and Dupay



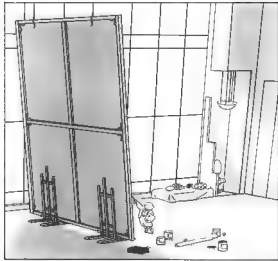
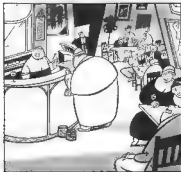


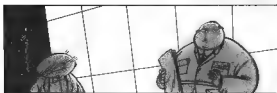


THE NEXT DAY, RED UP WITH HIS PARENTS' LACK OF SYMPATHY, JORDAN SEEKS THE ADVICE OF A COMRADE.









COME ON, SHREVEY. IF YOUR
BROTHER FINDS OUT WHERE YOU
ARE, SHE WILL COME AND TAKE YOU
BACK TO YOUR FATHER AND
AND YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO
PAINT ANYMORE.

WHILE HERE YOU HAVE EVERY-
THING YOU WANT.



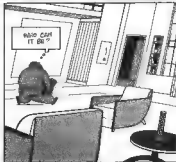
DRRIIINN



I'LL SEE
WHO IT IS
DON'T COME
FROM
HERE



WHO CAN
IT BE?



POLICEMAN ROGER, AT YOUR
SERVICE. SINCE I THINK YOU
HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM
ON YOUR HANDS.



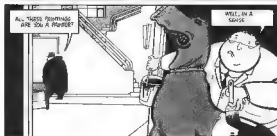
LOOK AT ALL THOSE
PAINT SPOTS, ESPECIALLY
THE ONE ON MY DOG.



I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE CARE
OF IT RIGHT AWAY, POLICEMAN.



WHAT
CAN I DO?



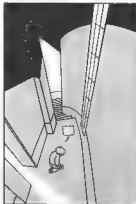
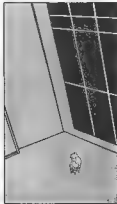
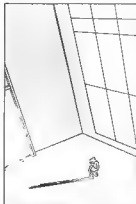
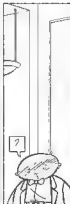
ALL THESE PRINTINGS
ARE YOU A PAINTER?

WELL, IN A
SENSE.









WELL, YES. I'M GOING TO STOP
WRITING CRITICISM AND DEVOTE MY
SELF TO BRUNTING. I'M REALLY
FLATTERED. THANK YOU. HE WILL
TALK AGAIN SOON.



JEREMY? WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?



FILTHY
HUMAN
GARBAGE!!



JEREMY DON'T BE
AN IDIOT!

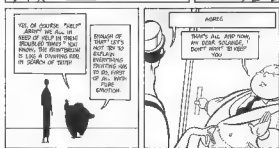
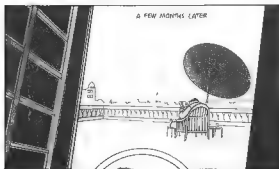


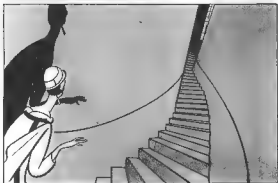
I'M VERY SCARED
THAT IT'S COME
TO THIS. YOU
HAVE NO CHOICE
ANYMORE. I KNOW
YOU MUST BELIEVE!

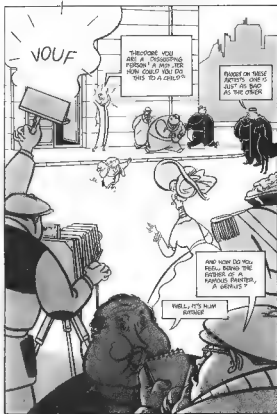
IT'S WHAT
YOU WANTED
ISN'T IT?

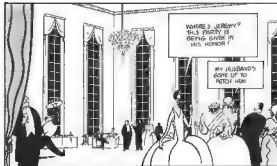


A FEW MONTHS LATER



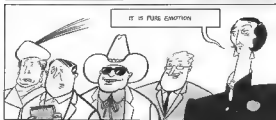






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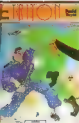


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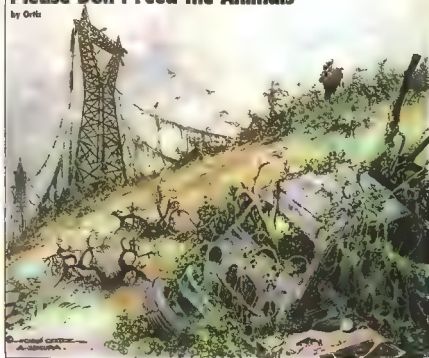
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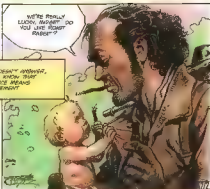
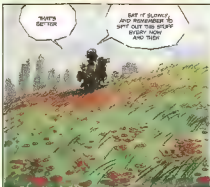
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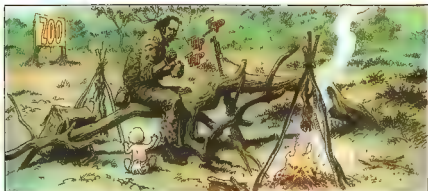
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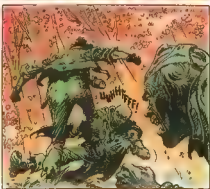
Please Don't Feed the Animals

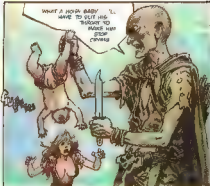
by Ortiz



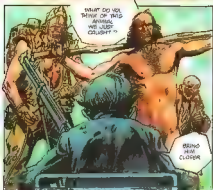












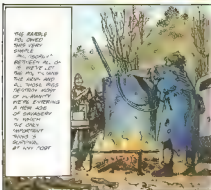




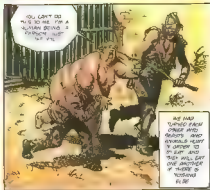
THREE DAYS AGO BY
I WAS STILL A
PRISONER



MY FRIEND THE PRG HAD HAD
ENOUGH TIME TO TELL ME ABOUT
THE PLACE



THE BARBLES
YOU OWNED
WAS VERY
SIMPLE
ALL TOGETHER
BETWEEN ALL OF
IT. WE'VE LET
THE PRG TO OWN
THE AREA AND
ALL THOSE WERE
NEGATIVE ASPECT
OF PLANNING
WE'RE ENTERING
A NEW AGE
OF CIVILIZATION
IN WHICH
THE ONLY
IMPORTANT
THING IS
SUSTAINING
AT ANY COST



YOU CAN'T DO
THIS TO ME. I'M A
MILITARY BEING A
PERSON. JUST
LET ME

WE HAD
TURNED FROM
OTHER AND
GROSS AND
HYPERBOLIC
TO ORDER TO
IN EAT AND
THEY WILL EAT
ONE ANOTHER
IF THERE IS
NEED FOR
IT

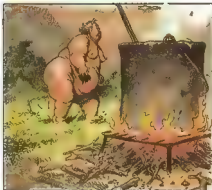


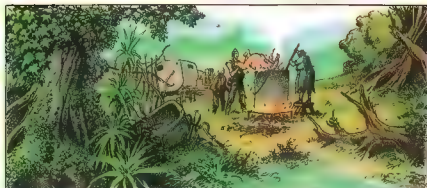
WHAT'S
THE MATTER
BY LITTLE
PRG ARE YOU
AFRAID?



THEY PRG DISAPPEAR
AND VERY SIMPLE
EVERYTHING HAS
REMOVED BECAUSE
EVERYTHING HAD
BEEN LOST

ON A
GUN - WHICH
YOU CAN
GIVE YOUR
SELF





THAT'S
A LIE MY
LITTLE ONE
THEY WON'T
HURT YOU

YOU'RE WRONG DEATH
BEG THE MAN ONE WANTED
TO KILL HIM ONE DAY
TOM WILL TAKE HIM
AWAY FROM YOU AND
EAT HIM

YOU CAN'T TALK
ANIMALS CAN'T TALK

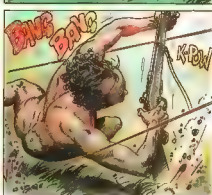
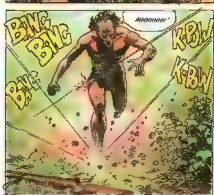
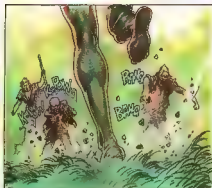
ONLY CAN
HELP YOU - I
FOUND YOUR LITTLE
ONE, THE ONE YOU
HAD LOST? DON'T
YOU REMEMBER?
OPEN THIS DOOR
AND WE WILL
RUN AWAY
TOGETHER

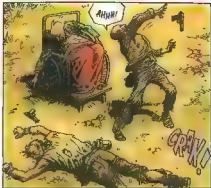
MY LITTLE
ONE FAR
AWAY FROM
THESE CRUEL
MEN

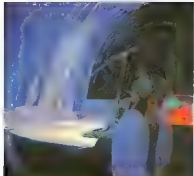
MARIA COME
HERE AND BRING
THE LITTLE ONE

NO NO
MY BABY
NO

POOOOOO







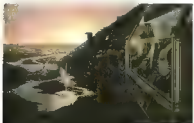
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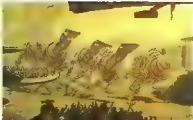
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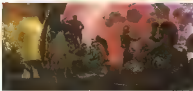
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Funkenstein's Mon-Star

by Red Horksgaard, Jr.





MY NAME IS BRIDA. I AM HERE TO
TAKE YOU TO MY FATHER, BARRY
VON FUHNHOFEN



HE HAD A JOB
FOR YOU



THE BARRY LIVED IN A SPOOKY
OLD CASTLE ON THE EDGE OF
TOWN. HE HAD BEEN A REALLY
BIG NAME IN FUNK MUSIC ONCE
BUT THEN TECHNO-FUNK AND
BREAK DANCING CAME ALONG
AND LEFT HIM A BROKEN MAN



AH, MR. ROCKFORD
VERY NICE TO MEET
YOU!

AND YOU, TOO,
BRIDA. YOUR
DAUGHTER TELLS
ME YOU
HAVE A JOB
FOR ME

HE LED MR. DONT & CREAKY FLIGHT OF STAIRS TO HIS LABORATORY WHICH WAS DEEP INSIDE A DARK STONE
DUNGEON. THE PLACE WAS A MESS. THE DOOR HAD BEEN SMASHED OPEN AND THERE WAS BROKEN GLASS
AND BLOOD EVERYWHERE



MY LAST EXPERIMENT ONE I
CALLED "PRINCE," ESCAPED
FROM HERE LAST NIGHT

FRANCE WAS THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.
ROCKPORT I BUILT HIM FROM BITS AND PIECES OF DEAD
ROCK STARS

I GAVE HIM THE
BEST OF EVERY-
THING. I DUG UP
JIM MORRISON'S GEAR
AND ABANDONED WITH
HIS GUITAR HAND

I SPOKE INTO JIM MORRISON'S
"KRYPT" AND SOULSED OUT HIS
VOCAL CORDS. I WAITED
UNTIL A HAZARDONE HIT
MEMPHIS. BEFORE I COULD
BREAK INTO BRACKLAND AND
SAW OFF ELVIS' HIPS WITH
A MAILFILE-I GAVE THEM ALL
TO FRANCE ROCKPORT
I'VE EVEN GOT JOHN LENNON'S
EARS IN A POYLE JAR

BUT HE BROKE OUT OF
HERE THE NIGHT I WAS
GOING TO BRUSH OFF
RECORDING'S SOUL INTO
HIM "YOU'VE GOT TO
FIND HIM"

WITH ALL THE
EQUIPMENT I'VE GIVEN
HIM FRANCE IS A
ROCK MUSIC
MONSTER

A MONSTER
WITHOUT A SOUL



IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG
TO FIND PRINCE. HE
WAS RIGHT THERE ON
TOP OF THE CHARTS.



PRINCE AND THE POP EVOLUTION WAS THE ALBUM HE WAS
WORKING UNDER, AND HIS HIT SINGLE "WHEN LOVE TAKES
OVER" WAS ROCKETING RIGHT TO THE TOP. HE WAS PLAYING
THE ROCKY THAT VERY NIGHT.



WHEN PRINCE AND HIS ALL-GIRL BAND CAME
ON STAGE, EVEN I WAS IN FOR A SHOCK.
THE BAND HAD SAID IT HAD TAKEN NEARLY
A MILLION VOTES TO JUMP START PRINCE
IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND NOW HE WAS
SENDING A SURGE OF HIGH-ENERGY RIGHT
BACK INTO HIS AUDIENCE.



SO URGENT IN
FACT IT EVEN
SHORTED MY
HEADPHONE'S



I RAN INTO A COUPLE OF HIS BODYGUARDS BACK-
STAGE. I RECOGNIZED THEM FROM THE OLD DAYS--
THEY USED TO BODY FOR ALICE COOPER

HEY, BIG BIRD--
PERHAPS SHOWER
NOW, IT SOUNDS



WARRIOR
AGENT,
ROCKFORD?

I HAVE A
MESSAGE FOR
FRANCE



THEY TOOK ME FOR A RIDE WITHOUT
EVEN LEAVING THE ROOM. NORMALLY I
CARRY A PIECE LINGER MY COAT, BUT
TODAY I HAD ONLY MY WALLET



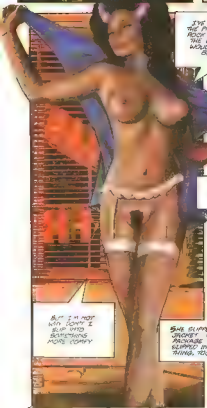
SO WHAT'S
THE MESSAGE
ROCKFORD?



WHY DON'T YOU
TELL ME AND I'LL
PASS IT ON

TELL FRANCE I
HAVE SOMETHING HE
WANTS SOMETHING IN
A PICKLE JAR. HE'LL
KNOW WHAT IT IS

I GOT HOME LATE THAT NIGHT I WAS NURSING A FRACTURED TOE PLAYER AND A BROKEN TOOTH ALL THE WHILE WONDERING IF PRANCE WOULD SHARLOW SHE SAID I COULD SMELL HER IN MY OFFICE EVEN BEFORE I SAW HER THERE WAS THAT HINT OF JUNGLE IN HER PERFUMS AND THAT DAMNED SAY WAS STILL WHILING IT WAS BRIDR I KISSED HER HARD



I'VE COME FOR
THE PEOPLE JAR
ROCK DARLINS
THE BARDON
WOULD LIKE IT
BACK



IT'S IN THE PRODS,
BABY, KEEPING NICE
AND COOL

BUT I'M NOT
WIT DON'T I
SLIP INTO
SOMETHING
MORE COMFY

SHE SLIPPED OFF HER
JACKET WHEN A
PACKAGE THEN I
SLIPPED INTO SOME
THING, TOO - HER



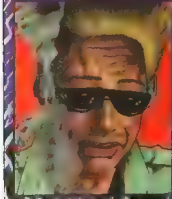
THAT IS WHEN I NOTICE
THE TINY ELECTRODES ON
HER NECK--LIKE PRANCE



THE BARON HAD CREATED
DARCA TOO. BUT IT WAS TOO
LATE TO STOP SHE HAD
THE HOTTEST LIFE IN
TOWN



THE ROOM WAS ALREADY
CRACKLING WITH THE HELLISH
FLURY OF HER ELECTRICAL
JENCES



THIS IS ONE CASE
THAT'S TOO HOT
TO HANDLE

I THOUGHT I HAD REALLY BOUGHT IT BUT IT WAS
THE BARE, BRICA THAT WAS BURNED TO A CRISP
STEAMING LIKE A PORKY LOG SHE HAD TRIED TO
ELECTROCUTE ME, BUT LUCKY I HAD GROUNDED
HER FIRST

I DONT KNOW HOW LONG I STOOD THERE
WATCHING HER ROAST



BUT SUDDENLY I HEARD FOOTSTEPS
BEHIND ME. I TURNED AROUND, JUST
IN TIME TO GET BAPPED THE FLOOR
RUSHED UP TO KICK MY CHIN, AND THE
WORLD WENT BLACK.



I CAME TO IN A TINY
ROOM INSIDE FRANCIS'S
PURPLE PALACE.
FRANCIS HIMSELF WAS
STANDING OVER ME,
SOMEONE WAS TAKING
A ROLLER COASTER
RIDE INSIDE MY HEAD.



HA HA HA HA HA



I FOUND THE PICKLE JAR
IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR,
ROCKPORT! YOU WON'T
BE NEEDING IT ANY-
MORE. HANNAH!



TONIGHT I AM GIVING A *SPECIAL* CONCERT
ALL OF THE BIG NAMES IN ROCK WILL BE
THERE. NOW THAT I'VE SEEN LENNON'S EARLS
GOWN MY OWN HEAD, NOTHING CAN STOP ME
FROM BLOWING THE WHOLE CROWD AWAY--
LITERALLY!! BY THIS TIME TOMORROW, I'LL
BE THE ONLY *PICKLE-ROCKSTAR* LEFT ON
THIS PLANET!



DON'T DO IT,
FRANCE!!! YOU LACK
THE ONE ESSENTIAL
INGREDIENT THAT
ALL TRULY GREAT
ROCK SINGERS
POSSESS: YOU DON'T
HAVE A SOUL!



I DON'T NEED A
SOUL. I'VE PLAIN
ENERGY!! I'LL BE
BACK LATER, TO
AVENGE MY
SISTER'S DEATH!



SET IT AT MAXIMUM TEMPER-
ATURE! BYE BYE, ROCKPORT!

HANNAH



I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE, AND
QUICKLY!

I MOONED UP MY
WALKMAN TO THE REAR
OF POWER RASTER
SPEAKERS SEEN AND
THE AND TO PASS
OF MY ADD

WHAT'S LOVE
GOT TO DO WITH IT

POLOSH!

AND TURNED UP THE
VOLUME ALL THE WAY

THE
JACK
WAS
BLEN THE
DOOR
HINDER
ON THE

FRANCE'S CONCERT WAS DUE TO START
ANY MINUTE, AND I WAS THE ONLY ONE
WHO COULD STOP HIM

WHEN I GOT TO THE ROCK, I SAW
THAT FRANCE WASN'T EXAGGERATING
THE CONCERT WAS INVITATION
ONLY, AND ALL OF ROCK ROYALTY
WAS THERE

BOOM!

MY ONLY HOPE WAS TO SPEAK BACK STRIKE AND MESS WITH HIS ELECTRICAL WIRING. MAYBE I COULD SHORT CIRCUIT HIS POWER SUPPLY BEFORE HE COULD FRY HIS DIAMOND STUDDER AUDIENCE LIKE A CHICKEN DINNER.

THIS PLACE IS ROCKING!

HEY, IT'S ROCKFORD! GRAB HIM!

TAKE THAT, ASSHOLE!

NOT THIS TIME, BOYS. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO DO A LITTLE BREAKING AND KNUCKLE POPPING.

THE GOONS WERE OUT OF THE PICTURE, BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW? THE LIVE CABLES ALL LED BACK TO THIS ELECTRODE IN FRANKIE'S NECK. THIS GUY WAS HIS ONLY ELECTRICAL GENERATOR.

I RIPPED MY WALKMAN INTO HIS SOUND SYSTEM AND SWITCHED IT OFF.



FOR THE FIRST TIME
FRANCE WAS HEARING
HIS OWN MUSIC, AND
HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT
HE HEARD.



HIS EARS, STOLEN FROM
THE CORPSE OF JOHN LESTON
WERE THE FIRST TO GO.
AND ALL THE OTHER MEMBERS
OF HIS "BAND" FOLLOWED
SUIT.



JIM'S HANDS WRAPPED THEMSELVES
AROUND HIS THROAT. THE
AUDIENCE WATCHED IN MUGGED
HORROR, AS FRANCE BEGAN TO
COME APART AT THE SEAMS.



ROCKFORD,
YOU DID THIS
TO ME.

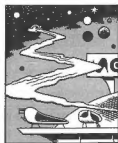


JRONG, MAN YOU DID
THIS TO YOURSELF. ROCK
MUSIC HAS NO ROOM FOR
A SINNER WITHOUT A SOUL.

HE TURNED HIS HAUNTED EYES
AWAY FROM ME, BACK TO THE
ROCK VAU-HALLA FROM WHENCE
HE CAME.



GOOD NIGHT,
SWEET
FRANCE.





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- ☐ **DECEMBER 1984** / Federico Fallai interviewed, Mike Manera, and Boris Vallejo
- ☐ **JANUARY 1985** / Liberatore, Stranali's "Merlowitz," and David Torres
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1985** / Jack Davis interviewed, Russell Mulcahy, and Torres
- ☐ **MARCH 1985** / Moore's "Rebel," Bilal & Christie, and Scholten
- ☐ **APRIL 1985** / Eight anniversary issue! Manera, Corbie, and Swartz
- ☐ **MAY 1985** / Liberatore cover, Corbie, and Manera
- ☐ **JUNE 1985** / Charles Burns, Massimo Obici, and McRabber
- ☐ **JULY 1985** / George Miller interviewed, Obici, and Swartz
- ☐ **AUGUST 1985** / Frank Frazetta interviewed, Juan Gimenez, and Torres
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1985** / Hildebrandt cover, "Rock Opera," Yves Chaland
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1985** / Obici, Brian Aldiss and Jodovosky & Cadeo
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- ☐ **DECEMBER 1985** / Last of the monthly issues: Cline, Swartz and Kirchnergard.

- ☐ **MARCH 1986** / Scholten's "Cremate," Corbie, and Lee Mays
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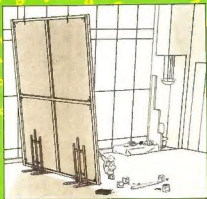
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